

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXIII.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1894.

NUMBER 50

Published every week.
\$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

POETRY.

THE ROSE.

"I am weary of the garden,"
Said the rose,
"For the winter winds are sighing,
All my playmates round me dying,
And my leaves will soon be lying
Neath the snows."

"But I hear my mistress coming,"
Said the rose,
"She will take me to her chamber,
Where the honeysuckles clamor,
And I'll bloom there all December,
Spite the snows."

"Sweeter fell her lily finger
Than the bee!
Ah, how feebly I resisted,
Smoothed my thorns, and e'en assisted
As all blushing lilies twisted
Off my tree."

"And she fixed me in her bosom
Like a star,
And I flashed there all the morning,
Jasmine, honeysuckle, scolding,
Parasites forever fawning,
That they are."

"And when evening came she set me
In a vase
All of rare and radiant metal,
And I felt her red lips settle
On my leaves till each proud petal
Touched her face."

"And I shone above her slumbers
Like a light,
And I said, instead of weeping,
In the garden vigil keeping,
Here I'll watch my mistress sleeping
Every night."

"But when morning with its sunbeams
Softly shone,
In the mirror where she braided
Her brown hair, I saw how faded,
Old and colorless and faded
I had grown."

"Not a drop of dew was on me,
Never one,
From the leaves no odors started,
All my perfume had departed,
I lay pale and broken hearted
In the sun."

"Still, I said, her smile is better
Than the rain,
Though my fragrance may forsake me,
To her bosom she will take me,
And with crimson kiss make me
Young again."

"So she took me—gazed a second—
Half a sigh,
Then, alas!—can hearts so harden?
Without ever asking pardon,
Threw me back into the garden,
There to die."

"How the jealous garden glories
In my fall!
How the honeysuckles chide me,
How the sweet, luxuriant jasmines bid me
Light the long grass that hid me
Like a pall!"

"There I lay beneath her window
In a swoon,
Till the earthworm o'er me trailing
Woke me just at twilight falling,
As the whippoorwill was waiting
To the moon."

"But I hear the storm winds stirring
In their lair,
And I know they soon will lift me
In their giant arms and sift me
Into ashes as they drift me
Through the air."

"So I pray them in their mercy
Just to take
From my heart of hearts, or near it,
The last living leaf, and bear it
To her feet, and bid her wear it
For my sake."

STORY TELLER.

PRAYING FOR WEALTH.

BY EDMUND S. ROCHE.

It was after sunset before Calkins succeeded in recapturing the two experienced old burros, who, desiring a break in their laborious journey toward the desert, had withdrawn during the night, and found restful seclusion in the dense pin-oak brush on a neighboring hillside.

Thus it came about that the ruddy light of Calkins' campfire again attracted us. The conversation took a wide range at first, but approached a focus when one of our party, the old lady with black mitts, referred to the generally prevailing drought. She mentioned, in this connection, a recent newspaper report of a church meeting in some arid section of the Northwest, where general prayers for rain were offered with such immediate effect that the congregation, who were unprovided with umbrellas, were drenched on their way home.

"Purely a coincidence," flippantly suggested Manton, a recent importation from the efete East.

"I regard it as a most striking illustration of the efficacy of allsinoere and earnest prayer," reprovingly remarked the old lady with the mitts.

"What do you say, Mr. Calkins?" inquired Manton, unabashed. "I'm sure you'll agree with me!"

Our host stirred up the fire before expressing himself. "You're dead right, ma'am!" he at length replied, ignoring Manton. "There's nothin' prayer won't do, if you're in earnest and pray hard enough, and don't pray for too much nor too little, and stop

right there. But you can handicap a good, strong, willin' prayer, same as you can anything else, and then it's bound to balk and make trouble."

"I fear I do not quite grasp your meaning, Mr. Calkins," said the old lady with the mitts, laying down her knitting and regarding Calkins with a look of puzzled inquiry.

"Pr'aps I wasn't very clear, ma'am, but I had in mind a queer experience of my own in the earnest prayer line, some years ago, 'way up north in Trinity, which'll illustrate my meanin' better'n any explanation I can give." Calkins settled himself again out of the line of the sparks and smoke, which his late attention to the fire had provoked, and began:

"It was in the winter of '75, and I was carryin' mail from Gorman's—over to the Brown Bear and Roundout camps—and made the round trip once a week on snow-shoes. When I was at Gorman's, which was four days in the week, I stopped with a Frenchman named Pirot, who worked a drift claim on the river. We bunked in a shake cabin, back of the hotel corral, and got along middlin' well for the first month we was together. Evenin's we'd generally turn up at the hotel, and after sittin' by the fire with the rest in the saloon for a while, we'd finally drop into old man Gorman's private parlor and listen to Kitty Gorman playin' on the parlor organ. I always liked music, but I hadn't no fault to find with it, so I'd just sit and listen while Kitty'd play and Pirot, who had a big, throaty voice, would now and then sing to Kitty's accompaniment."

"This was all well enough at first, but, after two or three weeks, I found it dull and uninterestin', just sittin' there by myself on the cold, slippery, black hair-cloth sofa, with never a word nor a chance for one with Kitty, who seemed all took up with Pirot and the music, and only'd speak to me when she wanted another stick on the fire. Then, after a while, I stopped goin' into the parlor, and would sit in the saloon till bed-time, feelin' mad all through to hear Pirot singin' and Kitty playin' away for dear life to keep up with him on the gaspin' old organ in the next room. Then I grew bitter, because I knew that while, naturally, Kitty liked me best of the two, at the same time she was worldly-minded like her father, old man Gorman, and felt Pirot was a better match on account of his river claim, while I wasn't much account, from a ready money point of view. Then, of course, I had a fallin' out with Pirot about nothin' in partic'lar on the surface, as I can recollect of I did pretty much all the quarrelin', I'm free to allow, for Pirot said nothin', but just laughed in a way that made me madder, and I moved out of the shake cabin to an old adobe higher up the hill."

"Next day I started off before sun-up on my regular trip with the mail for Brown Bear and Roundout. I always got the best start I could, so's to get well up the range while the crust was hard and before the sun had been up long enough to mellow things up and make it awkward for me, for I wasn't very handy even yet with the long Norwegian snowshoes. I never stopped on the trip for nothin', being always more anxious to get through than to rest; but this partic'lar mornin' I'm tellin' of, I'd started out, feelin' languid and dispirited, and by the summit I felt sort of dead beat out. My feet was cold and cramped from too tight bucklin' of the shoes, and, altogether, made up my mind to sit down for a minute or two and get pulled together again before I started."

There wasn't much wind and the sun was out warm and comfortable, and the idea of stretchin' out there on the snow for ten minutes' rest just suited me. I sat down with my back restin' against an old dead stump that came up through the snow, unbuckled the shoes, unsling the mail pouch from my shoulder, and took out the little sack of bread and meat I'd brought along and which I generally eat on the way without making any special stop for it.

"While I was eatin', lookin' off down the slope, I'd just climbed up and thinkin' what bad luck I'd struck all along the last few months, my eye caught on to some lines in the newspaper I'd wrapped round the lunch, and which was lyin' spread out on my leg under the second piece of bread just within good readin' distance. I don't recollect just now how the words read, but the drift of it was that lots of men failed in gettin' what they wanted in this world just because they didn't want it hard enough and didn't

keep up askin' and prayin' for it until they got it. Those lines somehow hit my case, it seemed to me. I hadn't had much early religious trainin', and the idea of just prayin' hard for what you wanted and gettin' it, struck me as somethin' new and simple and satisfactory. There was no end of things I wanted, and wanted bad, and if they was to be had by just wantin' them bad enough and askin' for 'em violent enough I was goin' to get 'em sure!

"Then I says to myself, why not start in right now with a silent prayer? So I set at it. I closed my eyes and squeezed my lids together hard—I was so dead in earnest? It was a terrible sweepin', vigorous prayer I handed in. First, I wanted good luck in a general way, and asked for it hard. Then I got more down to particulars, and asked to be rich and prosperous, and wound up with a sort of side-handed suggestion that it would suit me down to the ground to have Pirot fall off his luck and get poor, while I grew rich. All this wasn't right, of course, as I see now, ma'am. But I wasn't so much prayin' for bad luck to Pirot for his own sake, as for the effect of it all on my gettin' on with Kitty Gorman."

"When I prayed for the blight on Pirot, I was so sorter wrought up by the whole business that—just, I suppose, to give things a partic'lar point—I fired out my right leg so vigorous like, and struck the snow-shoe to which I'd buckled the mail-pouch so hard that—zip!—whizz!—like a shot it was on its way down the hill. It made a clear shoot for about five hundred feet, every now and then spinnin' about, when an end would strike a snag, until it brought up short against a ledge that cropped out across its track, sending splinters of stones all about when it struck, for with the mail-pouch buckled on to it, it picked up considerable speed and hit hard. It bounded up and turned clean over, and then stopped altogether, held from slidin' any further by the crotchin'."

"Well, ma'am, while that snow-shoe was pirouettin' down the slope, I was that surprised and mad all through that, although I'd just been writtin' in prayer, as you might say, I let loose a line of language which was that strong and pointed that if there'd been any stop or feelin' to that snow-shoe, it would have brought up within fifty feet! I mention this with regret, ma'am, because I see now that if I hadn't been moved to make them remarks, just fresh on top of the prayer, things would have turned out different. But bein' young, and hotheaded, and thoughtless then, of course I didn't look ahead for consequences."

"There was nothin' to do but go down to the ledge where the snow-shoe lay, pick up it and the mail-pouch, and get on my way again. The ledge was rotten with the weather and pretty well broke up already, and aside from the small pieces just knocked out of it, there'd been one big chunk loosened up, which had rolled just away from the ledge, and lay with the fresh break turned up to the sun, and dazzlin' me with its brightness."

"No, young man"—this to a knowing suggestion from Manton—"it wasn't 'mica, of course, nor 'mica' at all. That piece of rock was just crisscrossed all over and through with coarse wire-gold. I stood starin' at it a full minute before I could get it through my head that I was lookin' at a rock that would go over five thousand dollars to the ton; that I was the discoverer and owner of that ledge; and that findin' it just mean to me everythin' worth havin', includin', of course, first and foremost, riches and Kitty Gorman."

"While I stood there, I recollected, with a start, that riches, and prosperity, and Kitty Gorman was what I'd been prayin' for hard five minutes before, and here it all was within reach in answer to that prayer, just as if it had been on tap, so to speak, all the time, and I'd just turned the spigot. Naturally, I was some excited, but I kept cool enough to put up monuments and a location notice all right, and christened the claim the 'Heavenly Snow-Shoe', as bein' somehow appropriate to the situation."

"You can imagine, ma'am, I wasn't in no state of mind after this to keep on with the mail to Brown Bear and Roundout. I just wanted to get back to Gorman's, and let 'em know about the strike. So I climbed up the hill again for the other shoe, pounded off some good specimens to show what I'd found, and was back again at Gorman's a little after sunset."

"When I went down to the hotel

after I'd cooked supper and cleaned up at the adobe, I could hear Pirot singin' and Kitty playin' accompaniments as usual; but instead of rilin' me, as it had all along, I just laughed to myself when I thought of the Heavenly Snow-Shoe, and of how quick this would all be knocked in the head when Kitty and old man Gorman learned of my good luck. I went into the saloon first, where I could generally count on findin' the old man of an evening; but they said he was in the parlor with Pirot and Kitty takin' in the music."

"When I went in after knockin' they all looked surprised, and didn't seem very hearty; but I knew what had come to me, and what was coming to Pirot, and didn't mind, but started in right away and told me what I'd found, and opened up the flour-sack I'd brought my specimens down in, laid 'em all out on the table under the light of the hanging lamp, where they showed up richer'n any specimens ever I see. They all got round the table and admired 'em, and Kitty was very friendly and old man Gorman got very much interested and excited over it all, although he was generally pretty cold-blooded about most things."

"There wasn't any more singin' or playin' that evenin', and pretty quick Pirot said good-night and left us, not lookin' cheerful. Old man Gorman asked me all kinds of questions about the size and dip of the ledge and the nature of the crotchin', and Kitty sat by the table, and was brighter and chattier than I'd seen her in a month. When I told the old man, I'd located him in with me on the claim, he was pleased all through, and we arranged to meet next mornin', and talk up the best way of handlin' the property. Then at last we said good-night all 'round, and I went up to the adobe feelin' all toned up with satisfaction at the style in which my prayer was workin'."

"Next day old man Gorman and me had our talk out, and it was settled between us that we was to locate extensions of the 'Snow-Shoe', start in developin' and incorporate the whole business right away, settin' aside part of the stock for what old man Gorman called a 'workin' capital,' and meantime the old man was to put up for expenses. Things went on almost too smooth for the next month. The ledge opened very promisn', Kitty was more friendly every day, and as for Pirot, he never turned up nowadays—anyhow when I was 'round."

"Now my folks back in Missouri'd been writtin' on an average once every six months for the last five years, urgin' me to come home and see 'em before they all died off; but I'd never had no means to go or any way to get any up to now. But when another letter came about this time, still naggin' me to come on, I showed it to old man Gorman, for he and I'd got to be very thick, and he said I'd oughter go, and he'd lend me the money to go with and look after things while I was gone. The old man kept his word; he did look after things, as you'll see, ma'am."

"Well this was in April. I got back and saw the folks, took a little general passair all round, and it was way into August before I fetched up one evening on the stage at Gorman's again. At the first glance, before I got down, I see there'd been some considerable changes in the hotel since I'd been gone. The main buildin' had been repainted, and there was a complete new outfit of red setters on the front porch. A strange man, with the air of owin' the who plant, came out from the office, and there was no sign of old man Gorman or Kitty standin' in the front door, as was usual with 'em when the stage came in."

"I felt a sort of sinkin' at the heart at all this, as though somethin' bad was goin' to happen to me. I wasn't kept long in doubt, though, about the state of things. I hadn't been off the stage five minutes when I learned it all. Quick as I'd left, old man Gorman sold Pirot all the 'workin' capital' as a starter. Then between 'em they worked up a scheme to sell me out on a delinquent assessment. Then they struck an English syndicate and sold out the property at a big figure. Next thing Kitty became Mrs. Pirot, old man Gorman closed out the hotel, and the three of 'em lit out for no one knew where."

"Well, ma'am, I won't dwell on my feelin's, or how I expressed 'em when I heard all this and found it true, for that's neither here nor there. I could see, after I'd cooled down and reflected, just how it all came about. I'd 'hoodood' everything up there on the

summit by asking for bad luck to strike Pirot, by usin' the pointed language I've referred to so close on top of my prayer, when the snow shoe went waitzin' down the hill."

"This, I think, ma'am," concluded Calkins, as he rose and stirred up the camp fire, "will illustrate my remark that while there's nothin' prayer won't do, if you're dead in earnest and pray hard enough, at the same time it's just as true that if you overload your prayer, or pack a lot of truck on it that don't belong to the load, or show temper while it's travelin', it's just bound to go baky, and make trouble for you."—Argonaut.

The Possibility of Physical Education.

If I were to state that among the pupils who exercised daily in the gymnasium, was a boy who was deaf, dumb and blind, you would be incredulous and inclined to doubt the statement. But nevertheless such is the fact. The name of this wonderful little pupil is Orris Benson. And he is only 12 years of age. You will say at once, Why, how can a boy exercise, when he cannot see? And the answer is, that the boy's sense of touch has been developed to a wonderful degree. On coming into the gymnasium Orris changes his clothing unassisted. He then takes his place in the line with the rest of the class. He guides himself by placing one hand on the side of the boy in front of him. When the different commands are given such as right or left, face, mark time, forward, march, etc., Orris never makes a mistake, and he always keeps in step in marching. Upon receiving his dumb bells, Indian clubs, wand, or at the chest-weight, whichever the class are using, he keeps in time and changes the movement without mistake. He is guided by an assistant, who stands behind him. When a change in the drill is made, the assistant touches him upon the right or left side, and Orris changes instantly. It proved quite difficult at first to teach him, owing to the fact of his not being able to see. But on being shown a movement he seldom forgets. He is a well-built boy for his age, and what seems so marvelous to every one is his agility and strength. Take, for instance, where he knows the locality in which he is walking he moves very rapidly, and does not show that hesitancy so universal amongst the blind. It is an interesting sight to see him in the class-work. When the boys are winding up with a short run, Orris keeps his place in the line with wonderful skill, and never gets out of step. He goes through all the work the other boys do, and when informed of the movement, executes it without a mistake. In general disposition, he is always so cheerful and pleasant, that we are very proud of our little deaf, dumb, and blind pupil, Orris Benson.

T. G. Cook.

Physical Director at the N. Y. Inst. for the Deaf and Dumb.

NOTICE.

Do not forget the Guessing Party, which is to be held on Tuesday evening, December 18th, at eight o'clock, in the Guild Rooms of St. Ann's Church.

We would like it to be largely attended, as the proceeds will go to the Gallandet Home. Come one and all, young and old; young men bring your sweethearts, and have a good time all around.

Prizes will be given.

Admission 25 cents, including refreshments.

Dr. S. Millington Miller M. D. who has set out to enlighten the world on the much mooted question of how to educate the deaf, demonstrates clearly his littleness in both sense and character when he accuses such a man as Dr. Fay with withholding statistics concerning the deaf in order to insure his daily bread. The more absurdity of this statement causes us to laugh outright. It is not necessary for the estimable doctor to teach or to collect statistics either to secure his daily sustenance. We understand that recently he refused a fat Professorship in Johns Hopkins University, because he preferred to remain in his philanthropic work of aiding the deaf. Dr. Miller makes himself a good cat's paw for the Pennsylvania School.—The Washingtonian.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Dezenford of Brooklyn, the parents of Alexander and Mrs. Wm. Burtin, of Arlington, N. J., bought 71 acres of farm in Middlesex, Middlesex Co., N. J., and expect to move to their new home the first of next year. Their only son, Alexander, expects to leave his position in the produce business, where he worked 14 years, and enter the farming business with his father about February next.

CALIFORNIA.

Fifth Annual Meeting of the Los Angeles Association.

A SUMMARY OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

What Some of the Deaf are Doing in Southern California, and other Notes of Interest.

From our California Correspondent.

The fifth annual meeting of the Los Angeles Association of the Deaf, met at the residence of Mr. Thomas Widd, the missionary, on Vermont Avenue, Monday evening, November 19th, 1894. Mr. E. C. Ould presided, and the proceedings were interpreted by Mr. R. D. Livingston.

Mr. Thomas Widd the missionary of the Association made the following report:

"Another year in the history of the association of the deaf of Los Angeles has rolled by, and a review of the work accomplished and the difficulties overcome is laid before the member."

"At the last annual meeting of the association, it was resolved that a new set of rules and by-laws should be drawn up by a special committee appointed at the meeting, and consisting of the following gentlemen:—Messrs. E. C. Ould, A. Houghton, A. J. Trenholm and T. Widd, the missionary. This committee met at Mr. Widd's residence on the 14th of December, 1893, with Mr. Ould in the chair. After thorough discussion and consideration, they were unanimous in recommending the following constitution and by-laws for adoption by the members, and consider it necessary for all deaf-mutes joining the association to sign the same as a mark of their approval."

"The constitution and by-laws of the association are submitted to the members for their confirmation and approval. Any suggestions or amendments can be made if it be deemed necessary at this meeting."

"The work of the association has been continued steadily during the past year, and much good has been accomplished in spite of the obstacles thrown in its way by a certain class who are never contented and happy unless they have a real or imaginary grievance. Many deaf-mutes have come to Los Angeles during the past year, and most of them have attended the religious services and derived more or less benefit from the same. Employment has been obtained for some, notwithstanding the terrible hard times, the country has passed through. With the exception of A. J. Trenholm, who removed to his parents' home in Oregon last fall, the health of the members has been excellent. We regret the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Trenholm, who took a good deal of interest in the work of the association. It was mainly through the association that they were enabled to reach their home in Oregon, for which assistance they are very thankful."

"The number of deaf-mutes in Los Angeles and vicinity is steadily increasing. They number over thirty at present, but there are many who are not known to the missionary at present."

"Through the efforts of the association, the two deaf-mute children of Sherman were sent to the deaf-mute school at Berkeley, and the secretary is at present endeavoring to get two other young deaf-mutes sent to that institution. A school for the deaf in Los Angeles for Southern California would be a great advantage for deaf-mute children here, and it is hoped that we will see one started before long, as the parents object to send their children too far North from home for their education."

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

In account with the Secretary-Treasurer for the year ending November 19th, 1894:—

EXPENDITURES.	
Paid to Trenholm	\$6 50
" " Sherman	25
" " Taylor	25
Car fares seeking work	55
Postage and stationery	45
	—\$8 00

RECEIPTS.	
Balance from last year	15
Collection at services	\$6 85
	—\$7 00

Balance due Secretary-Treasurer.. 99

On motion of Mr. W. E. Dean, the report was accepted, and a vote of thanks given to the Secretary-Treasurer.

The election of officers was next in order.

On motion by Mr. R. D. Livingston, the following committee were appointed: Messrs. E. C. Ould, Alex. Houghton, and Miss Florence De Long, (the last named in place of Mr. A. J. Trenholm, who has removed to Oregon).

Mr. Ould asked to be excused from serving as chairman of the committee another year, but finally yielded to the pressure brought to bear by his friends.

On motion of Mr. Livingston, the meeting then adjourned sine die. Those present were Messrs. Dean, Ould, Livingston, Hawver, Misses Widd, Dean, Ould, De Long, M. Widd, and Mr. Chidester, formerly of Tacoma, Washington State, is in town for the present. He will probably spend the winter here. In the spring, he expects to go to his father's home in Iowa.

Mr. R. D. Livingston spent a few days visiting in San Gabriel, Alhambra, and Pasadena recently, and says that the more he learns of the State and her people the more he is attached to both, and his faith in the future of Southern California increases.

Mr. E. C. Ould returned on Monday from a week's sojourn in Santa Anna and Newport. Mr. George Moesser took Mr. Ould sailing in his yacht several miles out in the Pacific Ocean from Newport, and they both enjoyed the sail immensely.

Mr. J. Chidester, formerly of Tacoma, Washington State, is in town for the present. He will probably spend the winter here. In the spring, he expects to go to his father's home in Iowa.

Alex. Houghton expects to visit Arizona in a few days with his friend. He has great faith in single blessedness. A nice old gentleman he is, and he is popular. He hailed from Worcester, and left for the West nearly thirty years ago. The Journal scribe remembers having met him in Worcester, when he was a tailor.

A young fellow named King, once a pupil of the Berkeley School, as he claims, is in town begging.

Miss Huddleston, of San Francisco, a graduate of Fulton, Missouri, is on a visit to her brother in Pasadena. She attended our church last Sunday.

Mr. E. C. Ould received a sack of very fine apples from Mr. Moesser, of Newport, the other day. A great many of them were very large. One of them measured 9 1/2 inches in circumference. Who can beat that? Not even Almos Smith, of New Boston, N. H., methinks.

Mr. W. E. Dean went with his friend to Santa Paula last week to inspect the oil wells, and was gone for a few days.

Mr. William Ward was in Ventura last week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hawver, of University Place, gave a reception last Tuesday evening, November 20th, to a goodly number of deaf-mutes and hearing persons of this city. The house was beautifully decorated with canebreaks and chrysanthemums. Mme. Slaughter, Williams, Francis and Miss Carrie Hawver assisted Mr. and Mrs. Hawver in receiving their guests. A very pleasing programme had been arranged, consisting of short stories by R. D. Livingston and George Hawver. Dainty refreshments were served at the close of a very pleasant evening. Among these noticeable guests were Thomas Widd and wife, E. C. Ould and wife, Misses Fannie and Edith Ould, Miss Florence De Long, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean, R. D. Livingston, Alex. Houghton, William Egan, Mr. and Mrs. William Kingsbury, and several other ladies and gentlemen.

On Sunday, November 18th, Mr. Thomas Widd delivered an interesting sermon at St. Paul's Church, on "Work and Wages," but for lack of space we are unable, much to our regret, to give a summary of it.

The proceedings of the World's Congress were received last week.

ANGELICA.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 13, 1894.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS

One copy, one year, \$1.00
If not paid within six months, 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York, City.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God, who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

An editorial in the latest *Exponent* explains how not to be smart, specifying various little examples wherein the writer's advice would be "Dont!" In our opinion, "it is not smart" to be so hypercritical in considering the weaknesses of our fellow men—in other words, it is decidedly the opposite of "smart" to write such an editorial. When any one sets himself up as the guide, philosopher and general adviser of erring humanity, he ought at least to have purged himself of the weakness he assails in others, on the principle that "he who laughs at crooked men, must needs be very straight."

We agree that public expressions of maudlin sentimentality, deserves condemnation; but a spirit of pride and belief in one's own enterprises and faith in their successful accomplishment, is eminently proper.

It is not encouraging to aspiring writers, to know that a self-constituted critic is lurking in the shadow ready to pounce upon every little inaccuracy of language they may inadvertently make, or to hold up to ridicule some harmless little paragraph that has been born of good wishes and sympathy for a fellow being.

Finally, it is not smart to assume that all the world should be regulated from the standpoint and judgment of any one individual.

The Alumni Association of the Ohio Institution is deserving of commendation for the efforts now in progress to purchase a home for the aged and infirm deaf of that State. Messrs. Patterson and McGregor are in the van in this benevolent enterprise, as they have always been in all projects calculated to benefit the deaf. The purchasing option of a suitable property, with a fine and commodious building thereon, has been secured, and about one-third of the needed amount is already in hand. The deaf of Ohio should promptly respond to the urgent call for subscriptions, in order that the chance to acquire the property may not slip from their grasp. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

If there is any disease that is more fatal to children than diphtheria, or more apt to become suddenly epidemic, medical science has not recorded it. Some of the Institutions for the deaf have lately been battling with this dreaded foe of childhood, which vital statistics show to be fatal in fully fifty per cent of those attacked. The thrill of horror which the announcement of diphtheria causes to every household wherein it makes its appearance, will be greatly mitigated by the fact that an almost unfailing remedy has been discovered. It is called anti-toxine, and is propagated from the serum of horses. In New York a movement is now on foot to establish a plant for the purpose of producing this miraculous serum, by the inoculation of a number of horses, and ere long this wonderful diphtheria cure will be easily procurable by reputable physicians.

The excellence of Alex. L. Pach's photographic work is too well known to need repetition, but we cannot refrain from calling attention to his work at the recent conventions at Chautauqua, Mt. Airy, and Worcester. Two most beautiful specimens of his art are the life-like reproductions of Helen Keller and her teacher, and Dr. Bell, Helen Keller and Miss Sullivan. They equal, if not surpass, the photo-

graph of that famous triumvirate at the New York convention—Superintendents Clarke, of Michigan, Connor, of Georgia, and Mathison, of Canada. We are greatly indebted to the courtesy of the genial Alex. for adding these recent photographs to our collection.

The Florida *Institute Herald* comes to hand in the shape of an eight page quarto with a cover upon which is a wood engraving (by Mr. Blanchard, of St. Louis) of the Old City Gateway of St. Augustine. The reading matter is interesting and newsy, the paper is neatly printed, and altogether it is a publication which does credit to the young institution from which it hails.

WHISPERINGS UNDER THE ROSE.

Mr. Henry C. White's address is No. 61 Everett Street, Allston, Mass.

The Thanksgiving Party of the Provident Aid Association was a brilliant success, though the attendance was not up to the average of former years.

The programme was varied and interesting. The president, Mr. Geo. C. Sawyer, in his opening address, stated that a great deal of good work had been done since last year, that more families had been made the happy recipients of the annual gift of turkeys, supplemented with vegetables, *et cetera*, by the liberality of the Charitable Relief Society, and that he would like to have every deserving case of need brought to the attention of the association.

The grand march was led by the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Sawyer, who, to avoid any undue criticism, remarked that he did not pretend to equal Pach, of picturesque fame, in the skill and elaborate labyrinth of his mazes.

There was very little attempt at grand dances. The Virginia reel furnished more amusement than the stately, formal minuet could have done.

The never-failing dumb band proved a source of attraction, and Mrs. Bigelow carried off the ladies' prize, while the honors of the gentlemen's set were captured by Eugene Acheson, a printer, mind you, and a young one at that, who beat all competitors of both sexes in the spelling match on the last word, "deaf-and-dumb-mute." His last competitor was Miss Flagg, the oral graduate, and winner in many hard-fought games.

Story-telling, with prizes for three different classes, was a good game for intellectual purposes, and furnished no end of interest to the audience. The winner of the prize for the most comical story was Mr. Allard, of Dorchester, who related an episode of his boyhood which is worth repeating here. One day, when he was ten or twelve years old, he was walking home through one of the narrow, crooked paths in the woods of Vermont, and while lost in meditation, a hog roaming by the wayside, seeing no chance to escape by either side, dashed at him at full speed. As luck would have it, the "rooter" got between his short, stubby legs, and before he realized what the matter was, Mr. Allard was enjoying a free ride backwards at a Nancy-Hanks gait, until he tumbled off the hog's back and picked himself up more scared than hurt.

Two stories at Mr. Moodie's expense were also very good. He always had a passion for eating apples, and one Sunday he filled his pockets and also his vest next to his shirt with the luscious fruit, intending to feast on them after church services, but unfortunately for his dignity and peace of mind, while tiptoeing toward his pew in the holy edifice, the apples beneath his vest rolled off down the aisle, causing the whole congregation to turn their heads at the unwonted noise, and he fled back towards the open door at a break-neck speed. The drollest story, however, was that while working for a farmer in Vermont, he knew which particular barrel in the cellar had his favorite apples, to which he resorted very regularly, to which he purposely placed there by the farmer. Mr. Moodie, however, was equal to the emergency. He was startled a bit, but he did not cry out as the perpetrator of the joke expected. Just as he was carefully extricating his hand out of the jaws of the trap, he felt something rubbing against his leg, and stooping down he found it was the cat. With ready ingenuity, he turned the accident to his own advantage. Carefully placing pussy, the ever-memorable cat's paw of man and monkeys, he let the trap suddenly close on the cat, and hastily made his exit to the upper regions. The cat set up such a howling as to alarm the whole household. Of course an investigation followed, and Mr. Moody was able to say to the farmer, without any fear of successful contradiction, "Here is the thief." What the farmer thought of a cat that made away with so many of his best apples, is not recorded.

Mr. Sawyer proved himself a first rate humorist. When pressed by the audience to show them a specimen of his well-known humor, he excused himself by stating that his mind was too much intent on the turkey which he was going to devour on the morrow to think of anything else. Again, in calling for the ladies

to engage in the nailing match, he solemnly asseverated that if the ladies showed themselves as capable as men at wielding the hammer and nails, he would "henceforth vote for woman suffrage." This match was won by Mrs. Pattee, after an exciting contest of two sets of participants. Her husband is a carpenter, and that accounts for it. Mrs. McNeil, the wife of the expert cabinet-maker, was her strongest rival. Prizes were given for the best impersonation of deaf-mutes or hearing people, well-known to the deaf.

The prizes were unanimously declared to be the best and most tasteful ever offered at such entertainments. Mr. Sawyer was responsible for their selection.

There was a sewing contest by men, over which the ladies presided, and the fun was the most enjoyed in this game. Mr. J. C. Underwood, the artist, proved himself as handy with the needle as he is with the brush, and proudly carries about the sign of his superiority over the rest of the male creation in the shape of a satin pin cushion clasped in an oxidized silver stand. He is a bachelor, and that is the reason why.

J. Addison McIlvaine was much in demand on all committees on awards as the *arbitr elegantiarum*, and his good taste and judgment won universal admiration.

Robert Docharty resigned from the committee on arrangements on account of the sad event in his family, and Mr. Sawyer took his place. A better choice could not have been made.

Vanity of vanities. All is vanity, saith the preacher. Several disgruntled subscribers to the *JOURNAL* and *Register*, who have never done anything worth recording, said they never saw their names mentioned in their papers and in their wounded *amour propre* they considered papers for the deaf as N. G. Well, I am resigned to fate.

There was an abundance of refreshments, which were supplied to the guests all night.

Before adjournment, President Sawyer offered to pay on dollar to any one who had no home, to pay for a Thanksgiving dinner, and several recipients were thus made happy.

The *Exponent* published in its Thanksgiving number likenesses of eighteen prominent deaf-mutes. Out of the whole number, thirteen were college graduates and one had been in the college and left. In view of the criticism of college graduates by one of the correspondents in the *Exponent*, this circumstance is very significant. Whatever may be said of their ability in trades or professions for which they had never been trained, and therefore could not seriously be held responsible for any lack of a better showing, there is no denying the fact that they are making their influence felt in the social and educational interests of the deaf, and the results of a collegiate training from an intellectual point of view will be more and more appreciated as time goes on.

That Colorado correspondent of the *JOURNAL* writes in the true breezy western style—in the same reckless fashion that the Rocky Mountain men swing their pocket guns around. The way that correspondent refers to personal happenings among others is very refreshing, and his style of language shows him to be a master of idiomatic English, and a man who mingles freely among the hearing people. In no other way could he have picked up such a style.

What the *Goodson Gazette* says about the surprising number of hearing persons who are acquainted with the manual alphabet, is true enough. In my perambulations, I have been surprised to be familiarly addressed in that way—in the cars, stores, offices, post office, police station, and in fact almost everywhere, except in a pure oral school. Learn it from deaf-mute friends or relatives. Instances came under my observation where men and women talked to each other from windows to the street or in the balconies of theaters. A well-known deaf-mute clerk was once remonstrated with by his superior on the complaint of the proprietor of the hotel opposite, whose lady guests talked nimbly on the fingers with other men. The bewildered deaf-mute denied the soft impeachment, and an investigation showed that the real offenders were the clerks in the City Hall opposite the hotel.

Next week, after my report of the Fanwood Quad Club's grand ball, which was advertised all over the country, is out, I shall give a few of my impressions of what I saw in New York City.

FREE LANCE.

Committed Suicide.

Miss Frederica Munch, thirty-four years of age, a tailoress of Maspeth, L. I., and deaf and dumb, committed suicide at her home in that place last night. Miss Munch had been dependent of late. She had to work hard, and it is said was not well compensated for her labor. Last night she penetrated to her room and took some tape, and, winding it four or five times around her neck, securely tied it. She then fastened the other end of the tape to the top of her bed-post and was slowly strangled.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 10.

Deaf and Dumb Man Killed.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Nov. 16.—A deaf-mute young man named Louis Viens was struck by an electric car of the Pawtucket Street Railway Company on Broad Street, near Sylvan Street, Central Falls, about 9:30 o'clock to-night, and expired in a few moments. He was returning home from the school for mutes in Providence, and the crossing the street at the time.

Looking Backward.

THE ONE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF HARVEY PRINDLE PEET.

What some of the deaf-mute exchanges say of the 100th anniversary of Harvey Prindle Peet:

The *JOURNAL* devotes more than a page to the exercises commemorative of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Harvey Prindle Peet. The name of Peet is known wherever any attempt has been made at educating the deaf, and the service was a fitting tribute to his memory.—*Western Pennsylvanian*.

The 100th anniversary of the birth of Harvey Prindle Peet, for many years teacher, principal and superintendent of the New York Institution, was appropriately celebrated at that institution on the 19th inst.—*Mo. Record*.

The last issue of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL comes to us illustrated with cuts of Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet, Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, Principal Currier and of the first building occupied by the New York Institution for the Deaf, as well of the present one. The 100th anniversary of the birth of Dr. H. P. Peet was celebrated on Sunday, the 18th, by a special service in the chapel of that institution, which was conducted by Dr. L. L. Peet. "Dr. H. Peet was one of the earliest as well as one of the noblest instructors of the deaf in this country."—*Maryland Bulletin*.

The New York DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of November 23d, is an interesting number from the fact that it contains a full account of the 100th anniversary of Harvey Prindle Peet, that great benefactor of the Deaf, as celebrated by the Fanwood School and the Deaf of New York City. The account is accompanied by good pictures of the school building as it appeared in 1834 and as it appears now, also pictures of Harvey Prindle Peet, of Isaac Lewis Peet, Emeritus Principal of the New York Institute, and of Enoch Henry Currier, the present Principal of the School.

Editor Hodgson deserves credit for this number, which will doubtless be kept as a souvenir by his many subscribers.—*Optic*.

The celebration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Harvey Prindle Peet, at the New York Institution, on Sunday, November 18th, was a very appropriate occasion. The various exercises, including the sermon of Isaac Lewis Peet, where all calculated to revive the memory of a man who did much, very much—more, probably, as an individual, than any other man in the profession—for the deaf. His achievements in their behalf were of an eminently permanent nature.—*Deaf-Mutes' Register*.

ECHOES OF THE KENDALL-FANWOOD FOOT BALL GAME.

It is all over, the Fanwoods didn't win, because the Kendalls had the best team.

To the credit of both team, it must be said that it was a clean game, and greatly enjoyed by all who had the good fortune to be present. Another such game would, if the weather was favorable, draw five times as many to see it.

To "Tresmal" must be awarded the honor of reporting the best account of the game.

Big Bob Ziegler, of the Mt. Airy School, was present. Of course he wanted the Kendalls to win; that was natural, because the Mt. Airy team was beaten, 24 to 0.

As the Fanwoods scored against the Kendalls, the respective standing of the teams must be recorded as follows:

1. Kendall.
2. Fanwood.
3. Mt. Airy.

The umpiring was fair and square, in fact, beyond criticism.

Captain Howard and Captain Avena both used signs in giving signals.

Mr. Howard deserves credit for the able manner he managed his team.

Messrs. Price, Williams, Cowan and Howard played their respective positions like veterans.

The surprise of the day was the fine showing made by Lamm and McVea, of the Fanwoods. They both played as if they had played football all their lives, when it must be said that they were put on the team at the last possible moment.

The Kendalls played a clean game, contrary to the report credited them as playing a dirty game. True they were rough, so were the Fanwoods, Football is not a gentle game. Except a few bruises, the players all came out of the game unhurt.

The following chipping is taken from the *North Dakota Banner*. Comments are unnecessary:

For years, the *Banner* has advocated better manual training at our schools, the placing of the industrial department on a level with the "educational" department. A man who can teach a class of deaf children a trade is of more value to school for the deaf than a teacher of Greek and Latin. He should be held in as high esteem and receive as high a salary as the best teacher in the school. Whenever we have men like Mr. Owen put in charge of a shop, we have rejoiced with exceeding glad joy and we have not been slow to make it known.

Isn't it time that some of the type-setting machine cranks made an investigation of what has become of all the graduates who learned other trades than that of printing.

A. QUAD.

NOTICE.

Mr. Chester Q. Mann will lecture before the Brooklyn Society, at Adelphi Hall, on Saturday night, DECEMBER 15TH NEXT.

Admission, 15 cents. Help along the Brooklyn Society. The Society needs your support.

BALTIMORE.

On Thanksgiving evening, the officers of the Society gave their friends a very enjoyable shadow pantomime. Messrs. McElroy, Mooney and Briscoe took a leading part in the performances. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed the treat and those who took part in it deserve our thanks.

After the show, a drawing for a picture of the Maryland School took place, and was won by our genial president, McElroy. He is very proud of his prize and values it greatly. Refreshments were then served to all present.

President McElroy, assisted by Messrs. Mooney and Briscoe, are hard at work getting everything in order for the fair, which takes place on December 27th and 28th. They are now putting various designs of wallpaper on a separate room, which will be used as a kitchen.

Immediately after the football game in New York on November 30th, Student Smielau sent our friend, R. E. Underwood, a telegram announcing the result of the game. Score: Kendalls 20, Fanwood 6. Poor New Yorkers, we are sorry for you, but the game rightly belongs to the Kendalls. Remember the old adage: "There is no use of crying over spilled milk."

Student Frank Smielau stopped in this city on his way to Washington, and spent two days here among his deaf friends. He was the guest of Messrs. Underwood and Anderson. On Sunday evening last, he visited our Society, and had a good time in talking with the members. He went home late Sunday night.

Mrs. D. E. Moylan and her sister Ollie Linthicum, went to Frederick to assist their relatives in getting a wedding trousseau ready for her marriage, which takes place on December 17th. They expect to be home again before Christmas.

A boy baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Driscoll on December 1st. Mother and child are getting along well.

Mrs. Mary Adams, the widow of our late layreader, Samuel Adams, was lately placed in the Church Home for the aged. She is now eighty-one years old, and was educated in the Pennsylvania School.

Mrs. T. J. Trist, of Philadelphia, was in town last week, visiting relatives. She is now in York, Pa. J. M. T. Davis is in town with his wife and children, peddling manual alphabet cards.

The ladies are working diligently, making fancy articles for the fair. They come every Tuesday and Friday nights to the society's hall. It appears that the fair will prove a big success.

Photographer Unsworth went to Centerville last Monday, to take views in the surrounding village. He is now at home again, having arrived last Thursday. He will go to Chestertown next week, on the same mission.

The venerable Rev. Job. Turner stopped in this city from New York. He then took a train for Washington and the South.

Mr. James Fahey, a former pupil of Knapp's Oral School, will give a reception on December 19th, in honor of his twenty-first birthday, and will send out the invitation cards to his relatives and friends.

WILFORD.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Rphthalia League entertainment on December 5th proved a better success than was expected. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The programme read as follows:

SHADOW AND OPEN PANTOMIME.

PART I.

SHADOW PANTOMIME.

SCENE 1. A fight and the results. By Messrs. Braven, Mane and Watts.

SCENE 2. A Shadow Nap. By Messrs. Braven and Mane.

SCENE 3. Pig-Stealing. By Messrs. Webster, Watts, Braven and Miss Taylor.

SCENE 4. Hunting. By Mr. P. J. Mane.

SCENE 5. Mishaps of an Ear-Trumpet. By Miss Zimmerman and Mr. Mane.

SCENE 6. Fishing. By Mr. P. J. Mane.

PART II.

OPEN PANTOMIME.

SCENE 1. Sign Recitation, "Barbara Frietche." By Miss G. E. Maxwell.

SCENE 2. The Preacher and the Monkey. By Mr. P. J. Mane.

SCENE 3. William Tell. A burlesque by Messrs. Watts, Braven, Webster, Reinlander, Peak, Mane, Pawlitz, and Miss Lydia Magher.

SCENE 4. Umbrella Drill. By Misses Botts, Carroll, Marks and Zimmerman.

SCENE 5. Country Courtship. By Miss Zimmerman and Mr. Mane.

SCENE 6. Sign Recitation, "The American Flag." By Miss M. Alice Carroll.

At the fall of the curtain upon the closing scene, ice-cream and cake were served.

In my last, I stated that Mr. Webster would render the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

For some reason the programme was changed and the above taken out. An ideal surprise party was tendered Miss Carroll on December 6th, it being the occasion of her birthday.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Conlon, Mr. Kowald, Miss Botts, Mr. Boelinger, Miss Kiefer, Mr. Hubbard, Miss Schweikhardt, Mr. Hallett, Mr. Klein, Rev. Mr. Dantzer, Mr. Watts and Mr. Voss. Mrs. Kowald, for some unknown reason, did not put in an appearance. Miss Ray Marks was unable to be present, and Miss Hastings, of East Aurora, sent a card of regrets.

Mr. Cohen, Mr. Conway, of Erie, Pa., Mr. Reynolds, Malone, N. Y., Mr.

Hesley, Rochester, Mr. P. H. Brown, Boston Rouge, La., all sent cards of regrets and congratulations for the occasion.

Miss Carroll was the recipient of a few very handsome gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Kowald gave an elegant natural-wood box of exquisite workmanship. Mr. Kowald evidently shows his skill in that line. Messrs. Cohen and Conway together sent an elegant box of note paper with her monogram engraved on it.

Miss Botts a lovely china cup and saucer. Miss Rose Carroll a silver belt pin, and last but by no means least, your writer gave a sterling silver book-mark with a "Brownie" on the handle.

Friends of the above lady in New York City and vicinity, would have received invitations, but your writer, who by the way got up the affair, was unable to locate their addresses without asking the above lady, and that would have roused her suspicions.

Mr. August Hesley, of Rochester, stopped over in Buffalo from attending the funeral of Miss Sarah Adams. His friends here whom he favored calls were agreeably surprised to see him in the city, and among those surprised ones was

PANSY.

THE GALLAUDET HOME.

Thanksgiving day has dwindled down into the dim vista of the past. It was observed here in the customary manner, with chapel services in the morning, which Mr. Gardner conducted. He took a text from Holy Writ appropriate to the occasion and said that we were assembled to give thanks to Almighty God for the manifold blessings He has showered upon our country during the year, for the friendly relations which exist between it and the foreign nations, its prosperity and progress, and for the good home He has prepared for us. The railing was decorated with fruit and vegetables intertwined with evergreens and variegated autumn leaves. It was the work of a young lady visitor. At two o'clock in the afternoon dinner was served, and consisted of roasted turkey, mashed potatoes, pickles, macaroni, cranberries, milk, tea, bread, and butter then came dessert of mince pies and cheese, with a distribution of oranges. Everybody had a clean napkin and the tables were covered with snowy cloths. Miss Smith, who is uneducated and unable to walk, was taken downstairs in a rocking chair. She seemed to enjoy herself as well as the others did. What a pretty picture the dining room presented while the silent ones neatly dressed and their faces aglow with animation busied themselves with the knives, forks, and spoons. A more bountiful supply of good things was never before sent to the home on a similar holiday. That the Lord will provide is sure to come true, so we should always trust in him. The weather proved to be bright and cold but few cared to venture outdoors.

However, the fleeting hours sped by pleasantly. In the evening, the inmates were treated to cakes, grapes, soda, crackers, nuts, bananas, and chocolate. Mrs. Barnhart, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Kipp, Miss Fischel, Messrs. Hatch and Shuster, and the writer, were assigned seats in Mrs. Nicholson's cozy little dining-room, while Mrs. Totten, Mrs. Starr, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Edwards and Miss Spear, supped to together in the library. The men partook of the repast in the front hall. At this juncture the door-bell rang and Mrs. Nicholson went to open it. A poorly clad individual in the person of an old woman met her gaze. The supposed stranger said in the sign-language that she was deaf and dumb and had come on a friendly call. It turned out to be Mr. Paling, and he performed his role well. Games and conversation were indulged in and a most enjoyable time was had. Blind Richard Clinton danced with somebody and felt happy as a cricket.

NOTES.

On the afternoon of the 15th, Mrs. E. H. Parker and Mrs. Joseph Bisbee of the ladies board were callers here. Charles and Samuel Gardener have been visiting their folks at the farmhouse for a few days. The boys wore blue uniforms, which would indicate that when they leave college they may enlist in the United States army or serve in some other capacity under the stars and stripes. Miss Leila Nelson has been quite ill, but was better at last accounts. Mrs. Nicholson was in New York City, shopping, Saturday the 17th. She stopped at the Rectory of St. Ann church and enjoyed a chat with the family. On her return home at night, she brought the news that Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was not very well. The centennial anniversary of the birthday of Harvey Prindle Peet, November 19th, was remembered by his former pupils here. They regret that they were not at their *Alma Mater* the day previous, to take in the commemorative service which was held in the chapel. Dr. Peet was one of the ablest educators of the deaf and dumb. A man of sterling qualities and large experience, kind-hearted and merciful, besides these traits he possessed a knowledge of phrenology, which must have been of some use to him while he was principal of the New York Institution. It ranks among the foremost of its kind in the world, and is a living monument to his memory. Dr. Peet would have entered the ministry after his course at Yale was completed, but God, who does all things well, ruled it otherwise, and directed him to another field, in which he was eminently fitted to labor, as has been proven time and again.

LOUISE.

MONTREAL.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION.

Last Saturday being the occasion of Mrs. Ashcroft's (our superintendent) birthday, she allowed us to celebrate it in more than ordinary style, and in a way that made every one enjoy himself thoroughly. The event for which we had been steadily preparing ourselves was a masquerade, at which each one strived to excel the other in producing the most comical or most win some creation of his own brain. Many of them did indeed create much merriment, as well as excite any amount of admiration. The following are a few characters who participated in it:

Miss McLeod and Miss Macfarlane, Poudre costumes; Miss Nichol, Japanese lady; Miss Wiggett, Swiss peasant; Miss Wilkie, a hospital nurse; John Macnaughton, an old athlete; Charles Wickens, a Yale foot-ball player; William Spiers, Old Pat; Eugene Libbey, A lacrosse player; Herbert Caldwell and Percy Coffin, the inseparable twins; Adam Hewetson and William Rynan, tramps; Carrie Brethour, flower girl; Nettie Morrison, Eastern costume; Maggie Pringle, Quakeress; Harold Haldane, boot-black. During this festive hour one of us, Carrie Brethour, came forward and signed in a most graceful manner these following lines which were also read out loud by Harold Haldane, a semimute.

Dear Mrs. Ashcroft!—To-day being your birthday, it is my pleasure in behalf of my schoolmates assembled here to-night to wish you many, many happy returns of the day. For years you have abundantly contributed towards making life pleasant for us, and we are under obligations which we can never repay. Being the recipients of continued enjoyment from you, it is our highest and most ardent wish to tender you our love and gratitude in the best way we can.

Mrs. Ashcroft thereupon heartily responded to our good wishes, remarking how long it was since she first came here—many of us then being mere children—and hoping to remain with us as long as she was spared.

This called forth tremendous applause. We were delighted to have a visit from Mr. and Mr. Douglas, of the Belleville Institution last week. They have our heartiest congratulations.

We are glad to know that our old teacher Mrs. J. M. Forster is now residing in Kingston. Her being so near may induce her to visit us oftener.

Mr. James Outerson re-visited his *Alma Mater* recently. We are always pleased to see him.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have taken up their residence in Montreal for a few months, and most probably they will favor us with a visit.

Miss Maryv-Curlette, of the Belleville Institution, will enter upon her duties here as special teacher of articulation the beginning of next month.

J. S. M.

Dec. 4, '94.

To the Kendalls.

With dawning "mane" and fearless eye,
The doughty Kendalls came;
Their teeth were set, their hopes ran high
Aneath the pending game.

A braver band there could not be
The college name to shield,
Who, eager in their loyalty,
Would rather die than yield.

Upon their cheeks there still remained
That flush of victory
Which, weeks ago, so deeply pained
The Quaker coterie.

Against them lined our gallant team
Upon the Polo field;
And Beauty smiled—her after-dream
Their warrior forms revealed.

With bated breath—fast-eating heart,
We saw the fray begin,
The pigskin ring, the players dart,
And prayed our side would win.

They fought for ground like demons wild,
They

COLUMBUS.

The Ohio Institution Struck by Lightning.

CHARLES DAVIS DECLARED INSANE.

Working for the Home Fund.

From our Columbus correspondent.

Shortly after noon to-day during the rain there came a flash of lightning followed by a peal of thunder. So loud was the latter that even the pupils at the Institution felt it. A couple of hours later smoke was seen issuing from the main tower. The alarm was given from the Institution box, and the fire department answered promptly. This tower is 115 feet high, and it required the aerial ladder to reach to the top. It was found that there was more smoke than fire, and this was put out with the Babcock extinguishers. The damage was mostly to the wood work of the ceiling, which is of pine, and the loss can be covered by \$40 or \$50. The fire of course was caused by the lightning striking the flag-pole on the tower. When the building was found to be on fire the pupils showed good presence of mind, some of the boys, the older, going at once to the hose boxes with which each floor is provided to attach the hose to the hydrants. Others made their way up to the tower carrying pails of water, and in other ways conducted themselves coolly. There was no school, and pupils were free to themselves hence not being under the immediate charge of teachers or attendants, their conduct is the more to be admired. This is the second time the building has received lightning strokes within six months, and each time escaped serious injury. It is also the third time within that period a fire has broken out. Fortunately, too, has the Institution been in this respect. Each time the fire was discovered in day time, and put out before much progress had been made, and this saved great loss of property and perhaps human life.

Had the fire of yesterday not been discovered until night, or until it had made great headway, there would indeed have been a panic accompanied by loss of life and property. The teachers' monthly meeting was held Tuesday evening. It was lively and interesting. The principal topic before it was a well prepared paper by Miss Doane, on "The Signs of the Times." She quoted numerous well-known educators giving their ideas on what a teacher should do in teaching those under his or her care. The moral side of the question was as much the duty to instill in the pupil as the intellectual. The paper was well received, and Miss Doane congratulated for her maiden effort. A discussion followed its reading. The Sunday School question again came up and received considerable attention, Superintendent Eagleson making some pertinent remarks on it. As the next regular date for the meeting falls upon New Year's, Chairman Patterson was authorized to call the meeting at such time as would be most convenient for the person he has secured to give a lecture, Miss Margaret Sutherland, who is Principal of the Columbus Normal School. She is a well-known educator, and what she will have to say on education will be a rare treat to the teachers.

The Davis case came again before the public Wednesday, as the following will show:

Probate Judge Hagerty has a hard problem to solve and one that involves a new question, upon which he has not been able thus far to find any decisions of the courts to give him light. About two weeks ago Charles, commonly known as "Dummy" Davis, was placed on trial for stealing a horse belonging to Leon Brothers. He was also charged with being an habitual criminal, as he has already served two terms in the Ohio penitentiary. The defense set up by Attorney Ramsey was that Davis is insane, and he succeeded in convincing the court and jury that such was the case. The verdict was that Davis was insane at the time he committed the crime charged, consequently a transcript of the proceedings were certified to the probate court to order that Davis could be dealt with as an insane person.

Judge Hagerty ordered Dr. H. M. Moore to visit Davis at the county jail and report to his condition. The doctor did so and has reported that in his opinion Davis is not insane; that he apparently knows right from wrong, and that he is no different from what he was ten years ago. This report "stumps" the court. He does not feel inclined to order Davis to be incarcerated in the asylum because Dr. Moore says he is not now insane, while the jury said he was insane a few months ago. As Davis is known as a firebug, having started numerous conflagrations, and also being a confirmed thief, the court does not feel inclined to turn him out to prey upon the public, as there is no telling what he will do if opportunity offers. Consequently Davis is still in jail and Judge Hagerty is trying to find a solution to the Chinese puzzle. He will consult to-day with Prosecutor Williams, and perhaps a satisfactory solution can be reached.

Later, Judge Hagerty ordered Dr. Moore to make another examination of Davis. This he did, and gave it as his opinion, that the young man was insane. In accordance with this, the Judge issued the transcript papers, and Davis was taken to the Insane Hospital.

In this connection, perhaps it will not be out of place to state that Dr. G. O. Fay, who is familiar with the boy's case, agrees with Judge Pugh's decision. He considers him a genuine Kleptomaniac—born so.

Rev. A. W. Mann, accompanied by his wife and son reached here yesterday. Rev. Mann goes to Cincinnati

NEW YORK.

The Fanwood Quad Club's Grand Ball.

AS A SOCIAL SUCCESS IT ECLIPSED ALL PREVIOUS AFFAIRS.

Many Prominent People Among the 500 Merry Makers.

THE DETAILS IN FULL DESCRIBED BY "FREE LANCE."

The Club Nets a small Profit and is satisfied—New England sent out a Large Delegation—The News of the Week in Brief.

Specially Reported for the JOURNAL.

It was a gala night of the Fanwood Quad Club, and most of the beauty and chivalry of Gotham's deaf were there. It would have been difficult to find a parallel to this grand affair among the deaf anywhere. It was a swell affair. The ladies seem to have made up their minds to dress for it as though it was a ball of the Patriarchs. There was a bewildering array of silks, satins, and the various shades, all in the highest elegance and good taste. The majority of the gentlemen appeared in the regulation dress suits. The surroundings were in harmony with the occasion. The Lexington Opera House Assembly Rooms were well adapted to a lighted affair, and the general opinion was that this ball carried off the palm, not indeed in point of numbers, but in the attendance of the best class of people, and everybody who was of any consequence was there. The perfect order which reigned, and the freedom from disturbance of any kind which prevailed, in spite of the proximity of the gilded saloon in the same building, spoke well of the self-respect of those in attendance. The skill with which the various intricacies of the dances were gone through was commented upon by the reporters of the New York papers with admiration and commendation. The New York deaf know how to dance; that fact was established to my satisfaction at the ball, and I doubt if there could be found so many good dancers among the deaf elsewhere.

ORDER OF DANCES.

PART FIRST.

1 Promenade, 2 Lanciers, 3 Waltz, 4 Schottische, 5 Lanciers, 6 Waltz, 7 Varsouvienna, 8 Quad. Waltz, 9 Waltz, 10 Polka, 11 Lanciers, 12 Waltz.

PART FIRST.

1 Promenade, 2 Lanciers, 3 Waltz, 4 Schottische, 5 Lanciers, 6 Waltz, 7 Varsouvienna, 8 Quad. Waltz, 9 Waltz, 10 Duettemp, 11 Lanciers, 12 Waltz.

The band played and the deaf danced. That is a fact, incredible as it seems. Long practice has made our Gotham friends proficient disciples of the Terpsichorean art. There were not enough hearing partners to prompt them. Long practice has endowed them with a subtle vibratory feeling which responded readily to the stirring strains of the music. When the band stopped, the dancing stopped, too. The city papers said that good time was kept.

There was a large number of New Englanders present, among them being, so far as I can remember: Mrs. Timmerman, of Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. J. D. Bartlett, of North Guilford, Conn.; Miss Bell Flagg, of Boston, Mass.; Miss Abby Daniels, of New London, Conn.; Miss Mamie Ratchford, of Worcester, Mass.; Mr. W. K. Chase, of Winsted, Conn.; Mr. Edwin Livingston, of New Hampshire; John Lucy, of Lynn, Mass.; J. P. Brazell, of Lynn, Mass.; Daniel Cantlin, of Lynn, Mass.; Mr. Thomas, of Conn.; Mr. Crossman, of Springfield, Mass.; John Muth, Gilbert Marshall and Leslie Marshall, of Bridgeport, Conn.; and H. E. White. There were also many from other cities in this and other States, but I can not remember their names.

As Floor Manager, the clever Pach was an inspiring success, and led the dances with his usual vim and vivacity. He was ably assisted by John F. O'Brien, who showed himself as good at the social graces as he has shown himself in the literary art under the familiar nom de plume of "Montague Tigg."

The Floor Committee were: Peter F. Redington, Chairman; F. W. Meinken, Fred. Hoffman, C. E. Vernon, C. W. Tassell, Chas. Schindler,

A. L. Thomas, A. Capelli, E. Souweine, Harry Kane, John Lloyd, M. Heyman, W. W. Thomas, C. Q. Mann, George S. Porter, William Coombs, Max Miller and Leo Greis.

These gentlemen were indefatigable in their efforts to make the ball a crowning success, and managed the affair with credit.

The Reception Committee were James Russell, Chairman; I. N. Soper, Ira Tyler, W. O. Fitzgerald, I. Brookman, Dennis Sullivan, A. A. Barnes, James Nash, John Stauch, R. J. McDonald, Alex. Goldfogle, E. Shannon, W. G. Jones, W. L. Hanson, Wm. Betz, Herman Eschert, Chas. Bryan, Frank A. Stryker, Charles Haar, Fred Kopass, Peter Mitchell, Axel Ljungquist and H. F. Greer.

The Committee understood their duties perfectly, and none could have been more attentive to the guests than they.

The Committee of Arrangements were: Theo. I. Lounsbury, Chairman; Alfred Klemme, Louis Morris, A. C. Bachrach and C. McManus. Everything, of course, depended upon the efforts of the above-named committee, and how well they did their part, let the ball speak for them. Every one concedes that great credit is due to Chairman Lounsbury for the brilliant affair. He devoted his energies day and evening for several weeks to the arranging and perfecting of the details and that he succeeded is gratifyingly evident to all. His book, the Souvenir Journal, was a handsomely gotten-up thing. It was profusely illustrated with cuts of advertising firms, views of the great New York Institution, and the likenesses of Dr. Peet, Prof. Currier, and also those of the officers of the club. The matter between the covers was well planned, intended as it was for the purpose of imparting useful information concerning the education of the deaf. The book was in magazine form and well printed. "Ted" bossed the whole job, being himself a printer and writer of no mean ability. It paid him well, for it was his own private enterprise.

The Officers of the Club are: E. A. Hodgson, President; Ad. Ekardt, Vice-President; R. E. Maynard, Secretary; Thomas F. Fox, Treasurer. The directors and members of the club were well pleased at the success



THEO. I. LOUNSBURY, Chairman Comm'ttee of Arrangements.

of their gala affair. The object was not so much to make money as to make it a social success. The affair was well advertised, and, as a result, it has turned out as above described. Still the club is safe financially, and Chairman Lounsbury calculates on a profit of at least fifty dollars when all the members have been heard from. It may be more, but this is all the conservative chairman will consent to say.

The deaf-mute press was well represented. "J. F. D." of the *Exponent* was a quiet spectator at the ball, but he is a deep'un and took in everything with his piercing eyes. "Infante" of the *Advocate*, was a more lively personage, and none wonders at such a temperament in his writings. George S. Porter, the good all-around printer of the *Silent Worker*, showed his ability in his face and conversation. The irrepressible "Hypo" brought along his assistant, a hearing young man with an abundance of good looks, and his famous protegee, Burns Creider, whom he is educating with marked success, after the pure-oral system had made a failure of it, and Dr. Crouter himself was forced to give him up in spite of his much-lauded eclectic system. "Hypo" teaches his wealthy protegee by means of the combined system, a queer position for such a pronounced oralist as "Hypo." Burns Creider told under that system.

The grand march was a pretty scene, about a hundred and twenty couples participating, and extended entirely around the ball room. President Hodgson and Miss Marie Ratchford led, and Assistant Floor Manager O'Brien directed the march, assisted by Mr. Lounsbury.

The march to supper was headed by Mr. and Mrs. Theo. I. Lounsbury. The supper gave entire satisfaction in every way, even to the prices. After supper dancing was again resumed, and was kept up till 4:30 o'clock in the morning. Mr. Alfred Klemme then taking the responsibility from the floor managers, who had retired. It was quite five o'clock when the lights were turned out and the hall was once more turned over to the owners in the same condition that it was taken. Mr. Heuman, the genial proprietor, was highly pleased with the manner in which the affair was conducted, and asked the committee to come again whenever they desired to engage a hall.

It would be a difficult task to de-

scribe all the pretty costumes worn by the ladies, but the following brief list will give some idea of their elegance. Mrs. Theo. I. Lounsbury, black silk, with cream white lace and diamond ornaments. Miss Margaret Jones, white silk with apple-green trimmings and pearl ornaments. Miss Mamie E. Ratchford, light blue, with light blue satin ribbons and pearl trimmings. Mrs. D. Sullivan, cream silk, with long train, becoming a charming bride. Miss Martha Hasty, dark grey silk, with green trimmings. Mrs. E. Timmerman, white figured silk, and lace trimmings. Mrs. A. M. Yankauer, cream crepon and silk lace. Miss Nevada Hutton, light blue silk and ornaments to match. Mrs. I. N. Soper, black silk, dress and old rose silk waist. Mrs. Klemme, white spotted Swiss dress, with light blue satin ribbons. Miss Minnie Elkins, cream cashmere, with black lace. Mrs. J. Russell, cream chaille, with light lavender ribbon. Mrs. M. Heyman, changeable brown dress, with dark brown trimmings. Miss Martha Jaycox, grey silk and cream white lace.

All the ladies were so prettily dressed that it would be an injustice to single out any one as being the prettiest, likewise to name the belle of the ball.

FREE LANCE.

Last Sunday morning Mgr. Satolli celebrated high pontifical mass at St. Francis Xavier's Church, and late in the afternoon he was accorded a reception in the theatre of the College by the Xavier Deaf-Mute Union. The Delegate was pleased to see so many present and was at no pains to conceal his surprise. The theatre was well filled by about two hundred deaf-mutes, among whom were many who belong to other denominations, and who had come to see Mgr. Satolli. The Delegate and his ecclesiastical companions occupied the front row of seats, and on the stage were seated a number of the members of the union, who went through a pre-arranged programme of hymns and prayers in the sign language, to the accompaniment of an invisible choir.

Mgr. Satolli appeared both interested and moved at the unusual exhibition. He pronounced a blessing on the silent worshippers, who knelt devoutly as he did so. The programme was as follows: Salutatory, Mr. John F. O'Brien; Advent Hymn, "Rosate Celi"; Sign solos by Messrs. James Russell, James F. Donnelly, John F. O'Brien, and Henry J. Kennedy; Vocal solos by Dr. Fernand D'Arbessan; Chorus in Concerted Signs, with Vocal and Organ Accompaniment; Prayer for the Sovereign Pontiff; "Oremus pro Pontifice nostro Leone," on Chorus; Prayer of St. Francis Xavier; "O Deus, ego amo Te," Mr. Thomas J. Grogan; "The Little Ones' Petition"; "Te Deum," "Holy God, we praise Thy name," Chorus.

R. E. Maynard has been appointed to the position of boys' supervisor at the Trenton (N. J.) School, and has left for there. With him go the wishes of his many friends here for success in his new calling. It is understood that he is to fill this position temporarily, when he will be promoted to some position befitting his fine intellect.

Miss Sarah Steinhoff sailed, last Wednesday, the 5th, for Germany, where she will live with her parents. She was in this country several years, and commanded a good situation. She returns home at the solicitation of her parents.

After Mr. Mann's lecture before the Brooklyn Society, the lecture course will be dispensed with for good. It has, of late, been making inroads upon the treasury owing to small attendances, and it was deemed best to cease them, except on special occasions.

Several of those who attended the ball from out of town, are still lingering here, and making the most of their time. Among them are Mrs. Timmerman, of Hartford, Miss Maggie Flynn, of Albany, Miss Fannie Roby, of Boston, Miss Mamie Ratchford, of Worcester, and Mr. W. K. Chase, of Winsted, Conn.

Mr. H. E. White left for home Saturday evening. The theatrical entertainment given by Mr. Oakes et al., in the Guild Rooms of St. Ann's Church, Tuesday evening, netted a small sum for the Gallaudet Home. The attendance was not large, owing, probably, to the inclement weather, and other unfavorable circumstances. The actors succeeded in amusing the audience, and kept them in good spirits.

The *Goodson Gazette*, of which I have been favored with a copy, is quite an interesting paper with "Q. Cumber" as a writer on general topics.

Remember the "Guessing Party," in the Guild Rooms of St. Ann's Church, next Tuesday, the 18th.

TED.

SERVICE FOR DEAF-MUTES.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT, DECEMBER 16TH, 1894.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 2:45 P.M. St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M. Trinity Church, Newark, 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown, 3:45 P.M.

Graham Witschief, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Witschief, had W. Martin Wagon, of Fishkill-on-Hudson, as his guest on Thanksgiving, and on Saturday the two friends departed for New York City, to witness the contest between Yale and Princeton. Graham is visiting his father's sister Mrs. Fred Kuhnsat.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

A Visit to the National Capitol.

PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR CO-EDS.

The "Owls" as Pot-Boilers—A Little Girl's Innocent Answer.

From our Washington Correspondent.

Congress went into session on Monday, the third. Being desirous of witnessing the initial ceremonies of this interesting event, some of us hied away to the Capitol as soon as recitations were over. The galleries of the House and Senate were already filled; as only a number corresponding to the seating is allowed, many disappointed visitors lingered in the corridor. We were unable to gain admission in time to see the first tap of the gavel, but a while after we were allowed standing room in the House gallery. After taking a birds-eye view of the members, and noticing the floral school-house on Representative Linton's desk, we went into the Supreme Court room. The Justices were all their black gowns, looking very wide awake; the first time I ever visited this room I found one or two of them dozing on the Bench! Nature claims her due from all men alike, heedless of time or place, it seems. Chief Justice Fuller is a very short man, but has a striking face and personality which makes him appear "the right man in the right place." We did not ascertain what case before the Court, but all appeared attentive, and once the learned Judges relaxed their dignity and laughed at some sally from a clever advocate, who took his seat afterward looking very hopeful. We next hurried to the Senate, and as the recess had begun, we easily found a seat. Here, as in the House, were flowers in abundance, but, alas! their sweetness was more than wasted on the sages. We saw a lovely basket of roses, arranged with unusual taste, placed on the desk of a white-haired Senator who was talking with a colleague. He barely glanced it and ignored the cards tied to the handle, motioning a page to take it away. The pages of the Senate are bright looking, active little fellows. The Senators seemed to be fond of them, some stopping to shake hands and chat for a moment, doubtless thinking of other little boys at home.

Finally, recess was over, and Vice-President Stevenson took his chair, the desks filled again, and then the President's Message was brought in by one of his secretaries. Captain Bassett, whose long white beard made one think of Rip Van Winkle, went to meet the messenger and announce the arrival of the important document. He then carried it to the Vice-President, who detailed a clerk to read it. As seen from the gallery, the message appeared to be a bulky pile of foolscap. The Senators did not seem so thoroughly attentive to the reading of it as I had expected, but I understood why, when a few moments later pages came in and distributed printed copies. Every senator displayed an eagerness to obtain one, and began personal perusal of it at once. As our auditory apparatus was defective we did not listen to the reading of the message and soon left the Senate chamber. Among the few whose names we learned were Senator Morrill, the oldest senator, who took advantage of his recess to read the *New York Tribune*; Senator Perkins, of California, a pleasant-faced man who seemed busy writing out some document, but stopped long enough to greet a fair-headed page who came near Senator Hoar. Senator Brice was in the sunny South and there were other absentees. Allison was also pointed out to us, and Pfeiffer.

Several co-eds walked to the Capitol and back in time to join the others in the gymnasium, where they were given their first regular exercise in physical culture, by Miss Wieckel, a graduate of the Sargent School at Cambridge. The exercises are to begin at 5:30 P.M., and last for one hour, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. The young ladies enjoy the exercises and hope to derive much benefit from them. Saturday afternoon two picked teams were gotten up, one headed by Hubbard, 596, and the other by Smithsonian, 97, for a last tussle with the foot-ball ere it is shelved against next season. They played in a dreary rain, and came out with the score 6 to 6. Cowan, '95, umpire in place of Williams, '95.

"Ted's" account (?) of the Fanwood-Kendall game was highly appreciated down this way, judging from the laughing comments on it. Among our visitors the past week were, Miss Morse, Preceptress of the Illinois school; Mr. McAloney, a former Fellow, who has been appointed to the corps of the Alabama school; Mr. O. E. Lewis and Mr. Adams, both former pupils at Northampton, Mass. Mr. Lewis was at one time in the Kendall School here, and is now in the Civil Engineer's office in New York. Mr. Adams is at present engaged in the city.

Miss Stemple, '98, who has been ill for some time, concluded that Pennsylvania air would be the best tonic in her case, and went home on Thursday, to remain until after the holidays. May she return fully restored.

The announcement of the marriage of Miss Margaret Allen to Mr. Weeks, of Hartford, caused considerable surprise on the Green. Miss Allen was, for a number of years, Assistant-Matron of the Kendall School.

The foot-ball team was photographed at Prince's gallery on Wednesday. A fine large proof was handed around for inspection a day or two later.

The *Owls* held their last literary meeting for the term, on Saturday evening. Owing to the omission of an expected lecture, the programme was unusually short, and chiefly of a dramatic nature. The proverb, "A watched pot never boils," was acted by Misses Price, '97, Mickle, '97, and Runck, '98. Miss Price wore the letter A around her neck, Miss Runck, in *chef's* attire, watched the kettle most faithfully, while Miss Mickle wore the letter B, carried a can marked on it and said "never, never," a paper serpent on the floor at her feet completing the word "boils." The members guessed the proverb, and then tried to identify various characters from Dickens grouped in a living picture with Miss Price as artist. A crayon portrait of Dickens kindly donated by Mr. Murday, '95, stood on an easel behind the group. This picture was the hit of the evening. Misses Frederick, '95, Block, '96, Kershner, '97, Young, '98, Leyder, '98, McDill, Morris, and Pierce, '99, were the participants.

A novel declamation of, "The Modern Belle" was attempted by Misses Mickle, '97, Daly, '97, Vandegrift, '99, Patenaude, '98, and Waters, '99. Part of the poem was signed and part was acted.

Sunday afternoon, the usual concert of the Ephphatha Sunday School took place. "Gifts" was the subject, appropriate to the season of Christmas. There were more volunteers than usual, and Miss Vandegrift recited the hymn "Gathering the sheaves."

A little girl of the Kendall School spelled, "Give us this day our daily bread." Dr. Gallaudet asked her if she knew who had first spoken those words. She answered, "Miss Porter."

The students sent a fine basket of flowers to Bahen, the Georgetown student, whose serious illness we mentioned last week. Much sympathy is felt for him here. JAMES.

CONNECTICUT NEWS.

The Thanksgiving party was a pleasant affair at the American Institution for the deaf, in Hartford. Only a few pupils had gone home to spend their Thanksgiving day. Miss Flora Noyes, a young teacher of that Institution, who is very much interested in the Bridgeport mutes, came to Bridgeport to spend Thanksgiving Day at the home of Miss Edith Marshall.

Social conversation and games were carried on Thanksgiving evening, at the home of Miss Edith Marshall, in honor of Miss Flora Noyes. Whist and parchessi games were the most enjoyable events. The parchessi game was far more interesting than whist, being more hotly contested, between Mr. John Muth and Miss Noyes and Mr. John Gibbons and Miss Edith Marshall.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Beers had a splendid Thanksgiving dinner, by invitation of their hearing son, who is a smart and energetic book-keeper of a Bridgeport manufactory in the West End. He received his parents' congratulations on his well-earned promotion.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Seaman, of Bridgeport, went to Waterbury, recently, to have the 5th anniversary of their wedding celebrated, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Saxe. All the Waterbury mutes were at the residence of the Saxe family to extend a cordial honor to Mr. and Mrs. Seaman, by making them some nice wedding presents.

Herman Erbe was in New Haven, to spend Thanksgiving day with Mr. Louis Riger, who is very popular with his New Haven acquaintances.

Mrs. Frank Ward, of New Haven, was in Bridgeport, last Saturday, to make a flying visit to Mr. and Mrs. William Munger, but found they were not at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Munger, with their bright-looking little son, went to spend Thanksgiving day with Mrs. Munger's parents, in Worcester, Mass. They expect to stay in Worcester, Mass., for several weeks.

Miss Edith Houghton, who had been the guest of Mrs. William Munger for two weeks, left Bridgeport, for Washington, D. C., about two days before Thanksgiving. A few Bridgeport mutes attended the afternoon services held at St. Paul's Church, last Sunday. It opened with an interesting sermon by Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, of New York.

John Muth, of Bridgeport, has recovered from a very severe cold.

Miss Deborah Marshall, an intelligent semi-mute daughter of Mr. Abe Marshall, is now in a New York Hospital to have her head operated on. There can be no question that Miss Marshall's head has been racked by horrible tortures since she was injured by a train, when she was a little girl. We sincerely hope that she will be all right after the operation.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, of New York, called on Miss Johnson, one of the oldest deaf-mute ladies of Bridgeport, and smart for old age. She is always well comforted by her generous nieces. BRIDGEPORTER.

